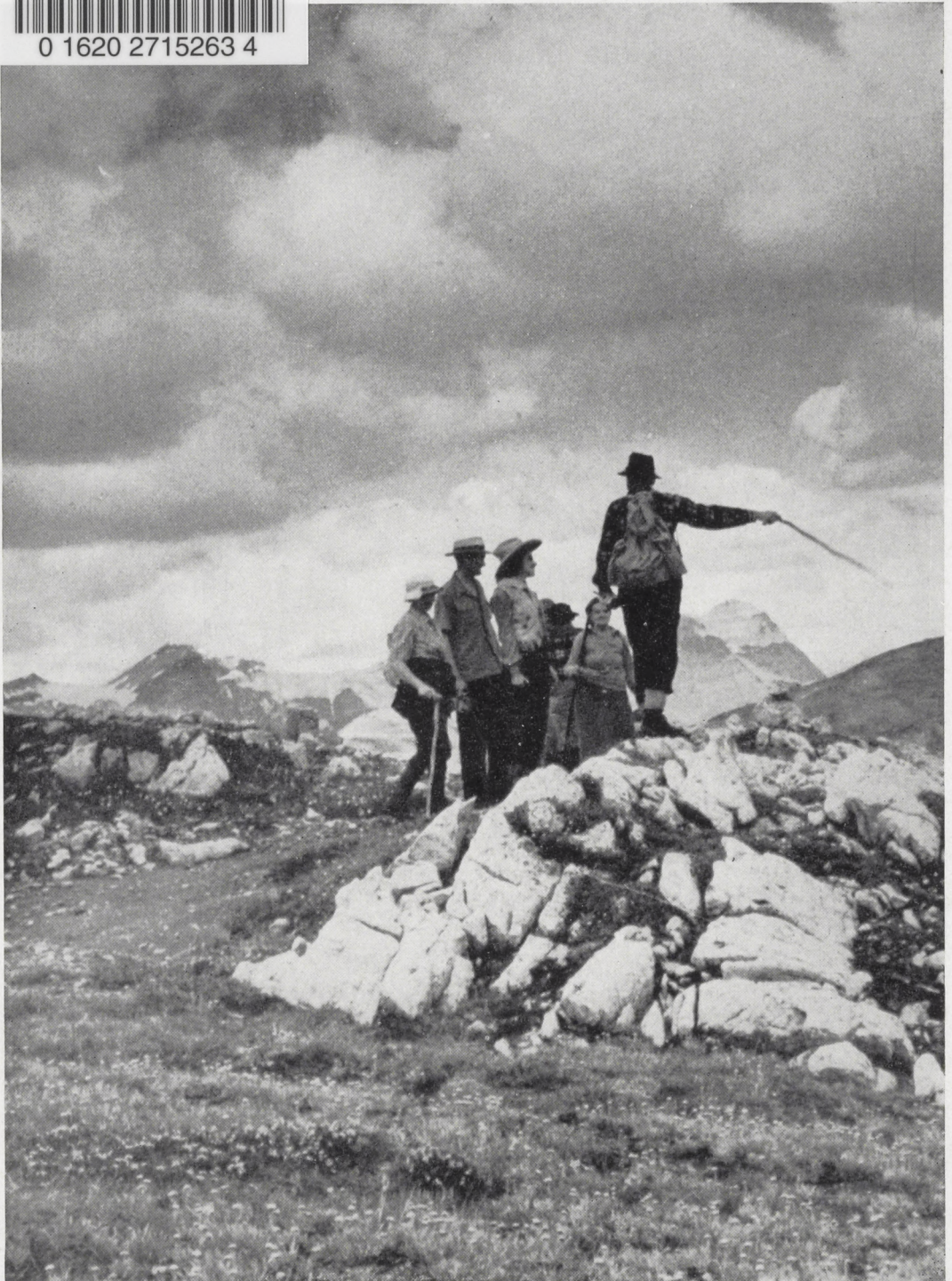


The Sky Line Trail

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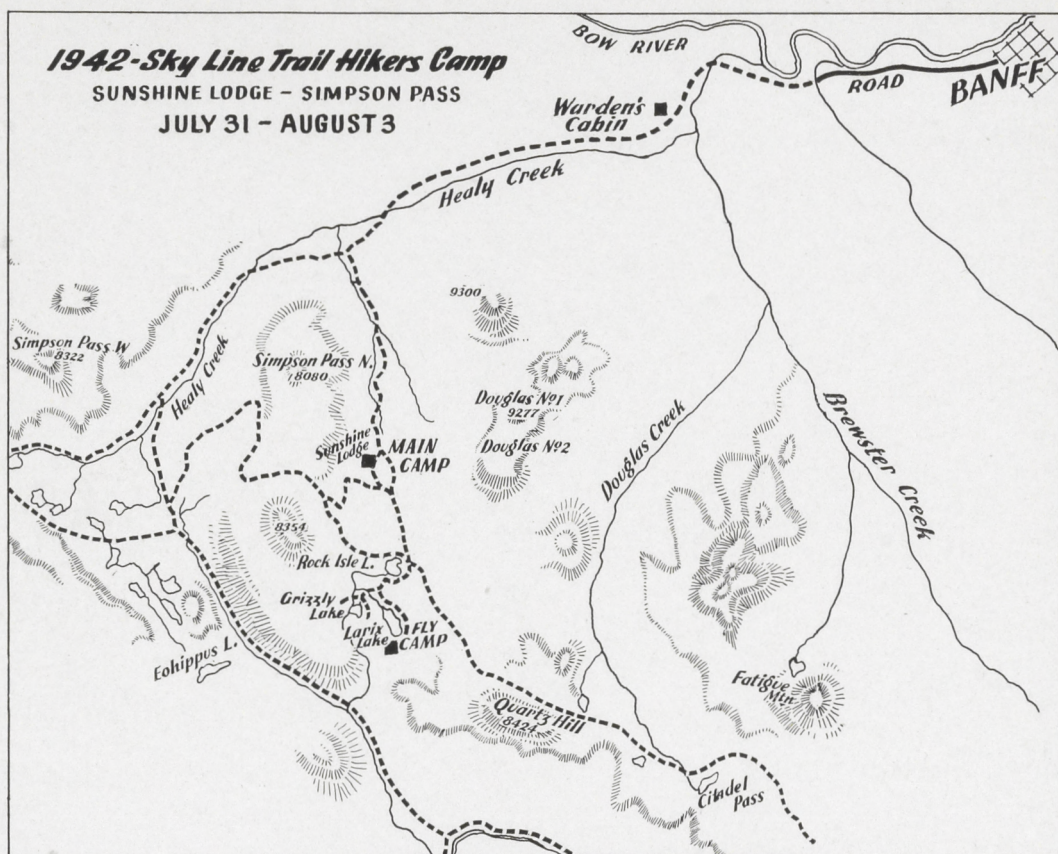


High Trail to Mount Assiniboine

VOL. VIII No. 36
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Facts For Prospective Hikers

The Sky Line Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies comprise an independent society of alpine enthusiasts who each year hold a four or five-day hikers' camp in the vicinity of Banff or Lake Louise. Camp is located at a point from which interesting trails radiate.

* * *

Membership in the order is open to all, irrespective of race, creed, age, sex, colour or profession. Annual dues are \$1.00 which entitle members to receive the four Sky Line Trail bulletins published each year.

* * *

Principal aim of the society is to encourage the maintenance and development of trails in the Canadian Rockies, to foster good fellowship, interest in alpine wild life, to prepare and circulate maps and literature.

* * *

Regular fee for the outing is at the rate of \$5.00 per day, which includes accommodation and meals at main camp, lunch on the trail, and other incidentals.

Hikers make headquarters at central camp, which sometimes takes the form of a tent camp and other times is located at one of the well established lodges or chalets in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, supplemented by teepees.

* * *

The hikers set out on the trail each morning, lunch en route, and return to main camp at nightfall for evening sing-song and entertainment.

* * *

Itineraries are planned to include most scenic mountain areas, where alpine lakes and rivers provide facilities for fishing and sometimes bathing. Trails frequently traverse passes and plateaux high above the Rocky Mountain timberline.

* * *

Hikers are encouraged to make study of alpine flora and fauna encountered at altitudes varying from 5,000 to 9,000 feet above sea level. Camera opportunities are unlimited.



Pointers on the Plateau

C.P.R. Photo

Headlines Re Skylines

Are Skyline Hikers Losing their Vim, Vigour, and Vitality ???

by Mary Sieburth

To Hike or not to Hike ???

To Teepee or not to Teepee ???

These were the momentous decisions facing the Skyline Trail Hikers as they assembled together for the annual camp held this year at Sunshine.

For the past few weeks prior to camp dates, I had been debating, sub silentio, whether a camping trip in the Rockies would be justifiable in this our third year of war, and whether I could be spared from my victory garden and fancy knitting which had been occupying the most of my time, spare and otherwise, this year, coupled with war work.

However, easing my conscience somewhat in a résumé of work accomplished, and contemplating the work that still lay ahead, which, the gipsy in me argued, could be done much better after a refresher in the mountains, we, the gipsy and I, arrived at our first decision. A-hiking we would go . . . I therefore promised myself, I mean the gipsy, that I would be a real

Spartan for a spell, live in a teepee, even although it meant smelling like a kipper, awakening in the mornings bedewed and clammy, bleary-eyed and red of nose . . .

I'd sleep on boughs of balsam and spruce instead of that new Beautyrest mattress I'd been inveigled into buying against my better judgment and waning bank balance. I'd get out of earshot of a typewriter for a while and forget about that abominable ribbon that forever needs replenishing and was now overdue for the habitual good turn — messy job, that's the worst of being Scotch . . .

And so, having dusted and oiled my good old trusties, my hiking boots, repaired the inroads of the Lepidoptera Heterocera Tinae at strategic points and places in plus fours and socks, and gathered stray camping sundries together, we were ready for the road.

Our first decision having been made, we found ourselves faced with two more; to hike or not to hike?

Ride to Healy Creek

I must say we had come fully prepared to hike all the way if need be; restrictions on rubber and gas meant little to us. However it seemed someone at Ottawa perchance had had a change of heart toward us foot-weary hikers and a ride to Healy Creek was permissible.

We could then hike all the way and save three quarters of a dollar, ride to Healy, a matter of six miles or so, and hike the remaining eight miles to Sunshine, or ride all the way and pay accordingly.



C.P.R. Photo
Beautyrest Mattress—Hikers' Version

Needless to say, most of us chose the middle way with the exception of our Baltimore hiker friends, Clara and Sydney Hollander, who certainly earned our respect and admiration, hiking all the way in from Banff.

The hike to Sunshine Lodge, being on an auto road, was without incident inasfar as adventure was concerned. No creeks to manoeuvre or fall into, no byways one might get 'lost' in, nor nothing.

It was a pleasant walk in from Healy with the sun shining most of the day. Lunch was served about half way, sans the cup of tea, bottles of pop being provided in its place. Arriving at the lodge in mid-afternoon, with rain clouds in the offing, we were then face to face with the momentous decision — to teepee or not to teepee.

The Lodge, a large comfy place with heated rooms, spring beds with colourful Hudson's Bay point blankets, washrooms with showers and every home comfort, was a temptation, I'll admit, but the gipsy and I couldn't reconcile ourselves to it. The Lodge could only accommodate a certain number, and the others would have the privilege of occupying the teepees.

We Want Teepees

We were all for the teepees.

But the teepees, where were they? The Spartans got together a baker's dozen of them, and had a council of war. We wanted teepees, we didn't want nice heated rooms with spring mattresses and nice comfy blankets; we wanted to rough it. We had enough comfort at home; we wanted to be miserably happy and uncomfortable for at least four days in the year, even if we did get a good soaking. Let it rain, what did we care?

Following the directions given at the Lodge we set out to find our campsite. We went down the road, then up a steep incline, slipping back three steps for every one we advanced, then we went around by devious ways, then along and up and around and down and up, and still no teepees, and then we did think we'd got lost. But no turning back now. We took a breather and then on and up and around, and then at last we emerged upon the campsite — a lovely larch-fringed glade with 'running water' for ablutions, and teepees aplenty, the president's teepee, the doctor's hospital tent, which by the way never had a tenant as far as I could see, and about half a dozen more brand new clean teepees, made especially for the Trail Riders and Hikers by Chief Johnny Bearspaw of the Stoney tribe. It was a lovely sight, and we did feel sorry for the ones who would have to stay indoors. But they in turn were quite sorry for us, having to hike a mile and a half, more or less, before breakfast, and a mile and a half back to bed at night.

The meals at Sunshine were superb, it was camping deluxe—really much too civilized for a bunch of hobos like we thought we were.

We did miss the log-sitting operation and balancing feats of yesteryears' outdoor feeding and cooking, the taste of smoke and pine needles in our tea, and the aroma thereof, and the colder-every-minute porridge and pancakes of tin plate days. But I didn't hear anyone complain, on the contrary, which accounts for the headlines re skylines.

I leave the answer to you hikers.

Day on the Trails

Saturday morning the teepees awoke to the brisk crackling of logs burning and a cheery "Good Morning" from the president who informed us that a teepee had been set aside as a washroom for us women. Here the fire had been lit, the 'running water' heated, and an array of basins stands and towels provided. The men folks, there were only three, brave fellows, had up and done it, bless their hearts.

Come eight o'clock, happy as larks, fresh as the dew we trod on, we TRIPsied over the

meadows to the song 'Hi Diddle Dee Dee, a Hiker's Life for Me', arriving in good time and in good appetite for breakfast. Our theme song was morning reveille for the interneers who we learned had been having a carousel in chicken dancing, singing and what not, into the wee sma' hours o' the morning, while we in our little Indian village over the hills had been sleeping the sleep of the just.

Breakfast over — and man what a breakfast! The cook will have a lot to answer for in the final reckoning when avoirdupois is called out. As for me, all my long months of calorie counting, exercising and good resolutions, 'gone with the wind' . . .

Impressive Floral Display

Botanizing most of the way, we all agreed we had never seen such profusion of bloom or blue in the forget-me-nots. The lousewort and fleabane were also a marvelous sight — such abominable names for such lovely flowers. The jinx was following me. I had run away from a flea plague which was sweeping Vancouver, and I did not take kindly to such verminous names.

We ate our lunch at Larix Lake where tea was provided, and then made a circuitous trail back to the Lodge.

After a hearty repast of T-bone steak, blue-



Skyline Silhouette

C.P.R. Photo

The president had a fine itinerary mapped out for us, and as soon as breakfast was over we helped ourselves to a 'poke of victuals' and started off for the day. If we missed the wooded trails and meadows carpeted in moss and flowers on our way in to camp, Sunshine certainly made up for it the next two days and lived up to its name.

The group split up into several parties, some went to Larix Lake to fish, some to Rock Isle Lake and others to Twin Cairns. I found myself in the latter group headed by the president who is a veteran of the trails, being an active member of the Alpine Club of Canada. Also in the group was William Reader of Calgary, well known botanist and famous for his gardens of native flora.

berry pie and ice cream, we settled down for an evening's entertainment and song.

Our oldest member, that is in years only, Norman Sanson, first president of the Skyline Hikers, and retired curator of the museum of natural history at Banff, gave us highlights in his colourful life, and told us hair-raising tales of his experiences in the mountains among which he has spent most of his life. Travers Coleman, retiring president of the Trail Riders, had us all splitting our sides with his entertaining skits in dialect, as did also Sammie Ward in his inimitable manner. Our sagacious secretary treasurer with his 'taking ways' amused us all by relating past achievements in the history of the Trail Riders organization, of which we are a 'kid sister', laying special emphasis on the financial end with



Sam Ward recites "Albert and the Lion"

C.P.R. Photo

a bit of horse play about 'button, button, who's got the button'. Then he smilingly told us how he was going to fleece us by a similar method. It appears we will not only have to hike for our buttons but pay for them too. We did of course have the privilege of voting on the design which our hiker artist, R. H. Palenske, drew up for our approbation, in the twinkling of an eye.

Varied Campfire Entertainment

Mr. Gibbon gave us the low-down on how he had enveigled the King of Siam to join the order of the buttons and how much it had eventually cost him. After that we thought we were being let off lightly. A jolly singsong interspersed between the fireside chats rounded out a full programme. Then came the mile and a half trip—when I say trip, I mean trip—to our village. By this time the path had become un-negotiable and some enterprising individuals had struck out on their own to find another route. This added another half mile to our daily trek, but what was that to us? It was more upper and downer and round abouter than the first, with plenty of chances to get 'lost', which most of us did.

A nice pile of wood greeted us at our teepee doors, and in the cosy warmth of a bed of red embers we snuggled into our sleeping bags. How quiet everything was, the intense stillness broken intermittently by the crackle of growing things

and the rustle and stir of wild life. Looking through the teepee top at the stars, how close they seemed to be, how clean and fresh the air.

I dozed off to sleep, wondering if the youngsters had shut up the bantams for the night, and if Dad had pinched out the exuberant tomato shoots, and hoed the potatoes in my absence, as promised,

Sunday morning dawned with another glorious day ahead of us. Some went on trips, taking bathing suits along; others just browsed around camp and had a stroll in Sabbath quietude. Evening brought everyone campward again, revelling in the beauties of Sunshine, and hoping that another year would bring us nearer to World peace as well as this inward peace we individually felt we had shared with our fellow campers in communion with nature, that we would be spared to:

Hie away, hie away
over bank and over brae
where the copsewood is the greenest,
where the fountains glisten sheenist,
where the morning dew lies cleanest,
where the blackcock sweetest sips it,
where the fairy latest trips it,
hie to haunts right seldom seen,
lovely, lonesome, cool and green,
over bank and over brae,
hie away, hie away.

Sir Walter Scott.



C.P.R. Photo

Some Preferred the Lodge



C.P.R. Photo

Others Chose Teepees

The Lure of Trails

by Mary Weekes

There is a mystery about trails that challenges the most ardent stay-at-homes to explore them. I had seen the Rocky Mountains from a smooth Pullman. I respected their snow-crowned peaks, but I had no desire to climb them. Yet, when the attractive little magazine, *The Sky Line Trail*, was put into my hands, I could not deny my wanderlust — the wanderlust that lies buried deep in the hearts of all of us.

There is a deep sense of adventure in discovering new trails, a thrill in tracing legends of old. It is a joy to walk trails — leisurely, to linger on them, and, when possible, to mark them for other exploring feet. It is the joy of conquest, perhaps, that animates every human heart.

Even as my train sped across the great prairies and rolled through the foothills to the Rockies, I felt a glow of anticipation — a satisfaction in leaving the things of today and tomorrow behind. The proposed Sky Line Hike would traverse the trail made by the Assiniboiné Indians a hundred years ago. It was a mere path then, which wound through a dense forest, slyly, far-hidden from enemy eyes. By it the Assiniboines used to ascend to their crossing place to the Pacific slope — a pass high in the mountains. It was closely guarded by scouts, undiscovered by white men.

Trail Blazed by George Simpson

Then, by way of this path, to enter the mountains, came the "Scottish Emperor of the Fur Traders," George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company. His party was escorted by John Rowand, Chief Factor of the Company at Rocky Mountain House. From his dominant establishment in the Saskatchewan district, Rowand had prepared the tribes for the Governor's coming. Rowand was friend to the Indians, although he ruled them with sternness and influence. The Indians trusted him. Had he not, to please them, had the inside and outside of Rocky Mountain House — which crowned the great cliff, two hundred feet above the sharp bend in the Saskatchewan River — decorated with the designs and symbols of their people? Symbols which protected him as well as the tribes from the anger of the Manitou; from the chastisements — cold, hunger, disease — of the great earth, their mother. No enemy scout, they agreed, must touch John Rowand and his party!

Simpson would be safe on the war-path of the Assiniboines!

The sun was warm upon us as we followed the route of the Simpson party up the Healy Creek Valley. The silver water of the creek gurgled and sang down the face of a mountain, as it has been singing for centuries — as it sang on the day the redmen held their bows; the day the Simpson party passed. It was peaceful, too, in this valley; peaceful as on that far-off day when the war-whoop of the Assiniboines was withheld.

Brisk Climb to Sunshine

It was not easy, that uphill climb of three thousand feet to our camp in Sunshine Valley, but I bent to it leisurely and with enjoyment. I was surprised to discover that I had forgotten how to walk up a hill — the important and normal act of walking. Shoes, I thought, have something to do with disinterest in walking. Most shoes discourage walking. Time also is an enemy to walking. My unused walking muscles began to ache. Still, on that long uphill climb, I learned that walking gives one a chance to commune with one's self — to take a long view of the mad rush and hub-bub that surrounds and complicates one's average day. Sulphur Mountain rose on one side of us, Bourgeau Range on the other. And, as I lifted my eyes to their green slopes I was reminded of Joyce Kilmer's poem to a tree.

It rained on us on that fourteen-mile hike, as we got high up, but we took shelter under a jackpine during the stiffest shower. We got our feet wet. The mud came over my shoes and I slipped and slid in the shale. What matter? It would have mattered in the city, but not on the trail! The mist that filled the valley and the mountain walls seemed to have shut out my world — my rushing troubled world; the insane world of men — and my spirit felt freshened. I felt in an indistinct and indescribable way that "away-from-it-all," "pick-me-up," atmosphere which travel folders describe. I was suffering a deep hurt, yet, through my mental numbness, I was aware of the great solace of rain and mist.

Many times as I climbed and slid and gasped for breath, I felt thankful for the mental support of my good companion, Mr. Smith. His trail philosophy was "Never hurry! There is all the time in the world! God's beauties are all around us!" And I recovered my joy in the



The Hike Begins

C.P.R. Photo



Following in Simpson's Footsteps

C.P.R. Photo



Sole Satisfying Respite

trail. Mr. Smith told us the story of Stevenson's *Travels With A Donkey* so sincerely that I felt the vanity and wrongness of our often futile rushing and striving.

Alpine Flowers Carpet Upper Levels

The trail to Simpson Plateau gave me the feeling that my head was in the shifting clouds, my feet in a foreign land. Here, walking through meadows spattered with alpine wildflowers, it seemed the most natural thing in the world to make our own paths — away from the riding trails that ran with us for a piece, then disappeared to pop up and meet us again. The water squish-squashed in and out of my boots, when we stopped to admire the sheer mountain of rock called Desolation Valley, but I was not aware of any discomfort. My mind was travelling with the clouds — over the calm mountain peaks.

We examined Quartz Hill this day and at Larix Lake we opened our lunches round a good campfire. Songs, lunch and fire lifted the spirits of fagged stragglers like myself. I ignored the deepening rain. Trout were leaping in the blue, blue lake. I remember wondering if John Rowand had brought his party to rest here where the larches grew so straight and slender. There would have been singing on that day too; the deep voices of the voyageurs would have been happy voices — the voices of discoverers.

And then my thoughts went off to Edmonton, so deep was the suggestive quality of the trail.

Fifty lodges of Indians, and six times fifty lodges, had met the Simpson party upon its arrival at Rocky Mountain House. There were Blackfeet, Piegans, Sarcees, Bloods — three hundred lodges of savages — who, in appreciation for the tobacco which the Governor had caused to be distributed amongst them, had prayed that the travellers might live long, their wives remain young, the buffalo continue plentiful.

I came out of my reverie to find the party moving off, looking for a new trail back to camp. Like myself, most of the hikers seemed to be drowned in their thoughts. Perhaps they too were trying to pierce the secrets of the faint paths that led away to the crags above us. In days gone by fleet-footed Indian hunters must have chased mountain sheep and goats across the treacherous crevasses between the rocks, or lain in wait for moose and elk in their haunts above timberline.

Historic Associations

My own thoughts were still in the past — with the Simpson party. At Bow River, Pierre Dunomais, a guide, had informed Governor Simpson that the Crees and Blackfeet were at war — at war over a breach of neutrality as, beyond the mountains, civilized men were now at war. The bands, Pierre reported, had met at Fort Pitt and, in a traditional peace gesture, had put all their belongings in a neutral pile in order to hold a horse race. A Cree had violated the peace by stealing a capot from the pile. War was on! Crow's Shoes, a famous Cree Chief, and ten of his warriors were killed by the Blackfeet. And the Simpson party was approaching Blackfoot territory!

I wondered, as I fell once more to the tail of the hikers, if the Simpson party, protected by the formidable John Rowand, had ventured from the concealment of the Assiniboine trail to the pleasant meadows which we were treading. Carl Rungius, the painter, was far ahead. I hurried and overtook him, eager to learn what he was thinking about the trails. He was scanning every peak and shelf of rock for mountain themes. And, he was such a fast walker that I soon fell behind again. I learned, however, that he has no craving to paint zoo animals, which have thick bones and are not light and graceful like wild animals.

Good Fellowship on Trail

It is strange how quickly time passes on the trail! Hours are as minutes. It may be that the mind is freed to roam hither and thither —



On Top of the World

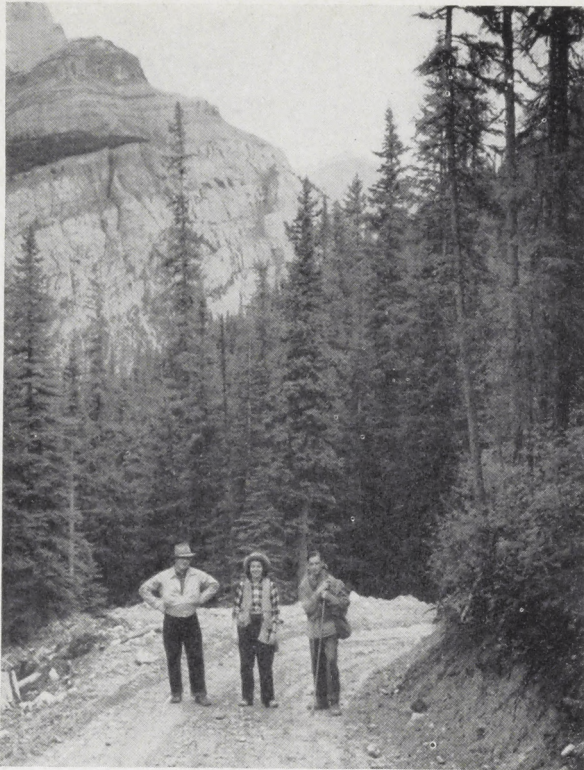
C.P.R. Photo



President Vallance Leads — We Follow

C.P.R. Photo

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The Road to Sunshine

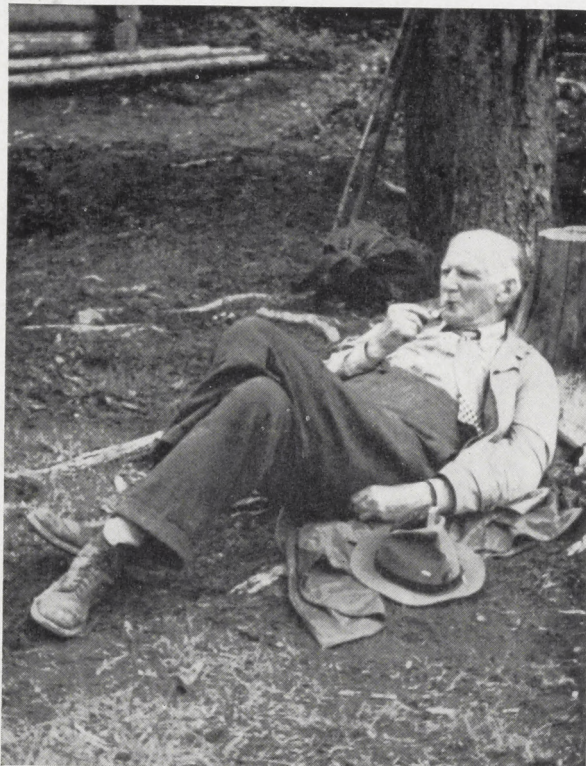
C.P.R. Photo



Campfire Mel



On the Homeward



Oldest Hiker — in Years Only

Photo by Carl Rungius



Sunshine Choristers i

"AMONG MY SO



Campfire Melodies

Photo by N. Hull



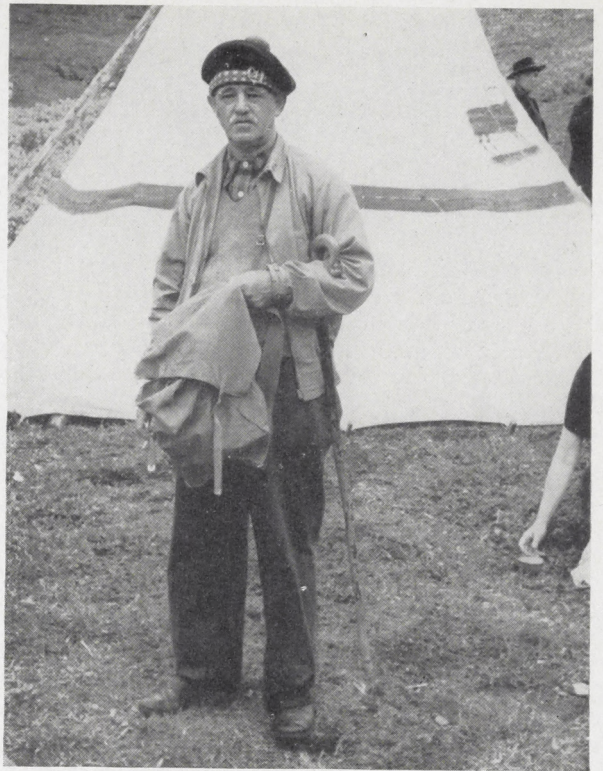
Homeward Stretch

Photo by Carl Rungius



Choristers in Action

C.P.R. Photo



A Good Companion — Dan McCowan



For Hardy Souls Only

C.P.R. Photo

in Virginia Woolf-ish stream-of-consciousness. I know that this day I had no control over my mind. When I looked up the sky had become radiantly clear. It was hard for me to realize that at five in the morning it had snowed, and that all day I had walked in mist and rain and liked it. The hikers may have had something to do with my abstraction. People who walk trails have an ease that sets them apart. Introductions are casual, etiquette easy and artless. A hiker falls in with you, says, "Hello! Magnificent view! There's a whiskey-jack!" and leaves you to your thoughts. I blessed the trail walkers who, in steep places, left me to take and hold breaths of rarefied air to carry me up and up and up.

The trail which lured President Vallance and our party early afoot one morning led us to Citadel Pass. At a desirable spot, within view of Mount Assiniboine, I felt content to admire the peaks that stood in their mystery, draped in snow. This way had come the great Governor, the ruler who "combined the widest range of authority with the widest range of territory and the longest tenure of power ever enjoyed by one man in North America," to achieve the mountain pass to the Pacific. Could this lovely meadow so bright with wildflowers have been treeless then and open to enemy eyes? Or, had a forest fire laid bare the covering woods? This was one of the mysteries of the Assiniboine Trail.

Lost in pleasant speculation, I remembered the story which Norbert Welsh had told me about John Rowand's death and burial.

John Rowand was Chief Factor at Fort Edmonton as late as 1840. This was one of the most important posts of the Company, west of Fort Garry. He was one of the principal factors of his day in this country. I knew his son well. I worked for him at Fort Garry. The old factor had expressed a wish to have his bones buried in Canada—in the East. Rowand was a big man. He weighed about three hundred pounds. At his death, his family called in an old Indian named Ka-min-a-coush, told him to cut the body to pieces and boil the bones. They gave the old Indian three horses and five gallons of Hudson's Bay rum to attend to this work. So the old Indian drank his glass of rum, sharpened his knife, and cut the old factor to pieces, taking all the bones out of his flesh. The man at the Post made a coffin, put the flesh into it, and buried the coffin at Fort Edmonton, just beside the old Fort.

Then Ka-min-a-coush got two big Hudson's Bay copper kettles, put the bones into them, added a lot of lye, and boiled them

until there was no flesh or sinew left. This done, the whole family gathered, and had the bones placed in a coffin. They shipped the coffin to the Chief Factor at Norway House, who placed it in a York boat, which took it to York Factory where it was placed on board a boat bound for England. After leaving port a great storm arose which lasted five days. The crew came to the conclusion that John Rowand's spirit was haunting them. He had been a tyrant in life. He was still master in death. They decided to take his bones and pitch them into the sea. This done, the storm died down.

**The Last Buffalo Hunter.*

It was round our last campfire, when President-elect, Sidney Hollander, *craved* to have the Rocky Mountains moved right down south, that I realized we were leaving the calm and peace and adventure of the trails. For me, the solace and aloneness and mystery of Rocky Mountain trails had been all too short. I said goodbye to the Assiniboine Trail with my eyes filled with the glory of Sunshine Valley, and the balm of the quiet outdoors in my heart.

* * *

OUR NEW PRESIDENT

Sidney Hollander of Baltimore, Md. was elected president of the Sky Line Trail Hikers at the society's annual pow-wow at Sunshine Lodge which marked the conclusion of the 10th annual hike.

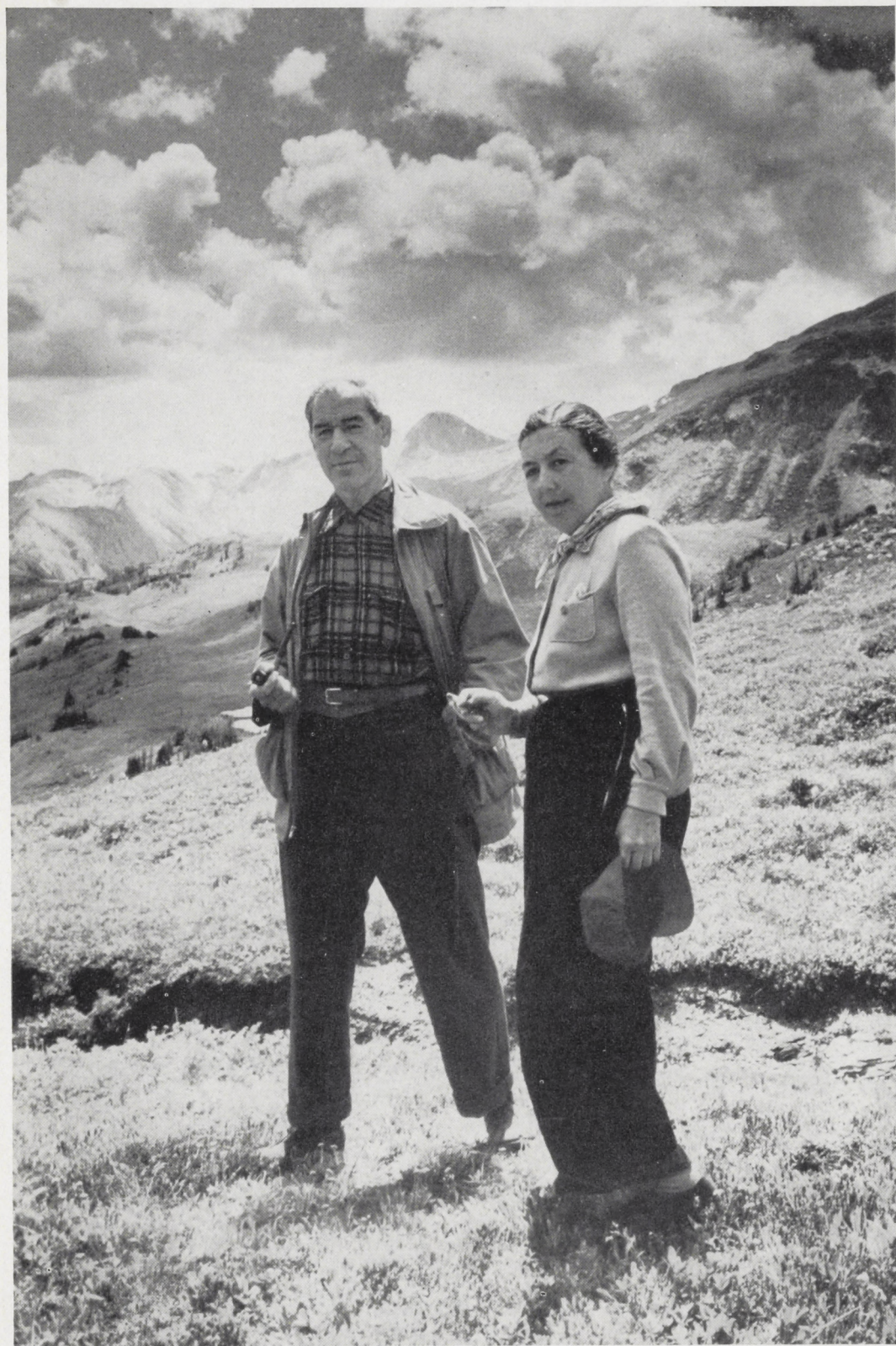
Mr. Hollander, a Trail Hiker of long standing, succeeds Sydney R. Vallance of Calgary, Alta., who had charge of this year's four-day trek in the high country around Simpson Pass and Sunshine Valley.

Mr. Hollander distinguished himself from the start when, accompanied by his wife, he hiked the entire distance from Banff to Sunshine Lodge, scoring the bus ride to the official starting point at Healy Creek.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Hollander proved themselves masters of the hiking profession and chalked up an enviable aggregate of mileage during their four days on the trail.

The Hollanders also had plenty of energy to spare after the Hike, when they took a two weeks' trip with Lawrie Johnstone and Alvin Gwynn, assisted by half a dozen pack horses. In some cases they even blazed new trails.

Hats off to the Hollanders!



The Hiking Hollanders

C.P.R. Photo

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Highway To Mount Assiniboine

This article was written for the Bulletin by Arthur O. Wheeler, honorary vice-president of the Sky Line Trail Hikers, who at the age of eighty-two still maintains a keen interest in the society's annual sorties. His wife was an enthusiastic participant of this year's outing.

I feel greatly interested in the 1942 Camp for, apart from the wonders of Nature within its reach, it is on the highway to a region of still greater wonders: to Mt. Assiniboine.

At this camp one finds one's self surrounded by a land of "Ologies": seismology, glaciology, palaeontology, zoology and meteorology; their description and characteristics would fill a book, but here available space only permits of the merest reference to them.



The Author and His Lady

The route of approach to the Camp is up Healy Creek, beneath the awe-inspiring precipices of Mt. Bourgeau, beloved by that fine old aristocrat, the Rocky Mountain goat. Some four miles up the trail from Healy Creek Lodge it is crossed by a small spring creek, almost immediately thereafter joining Healy Creek. It is an ideal spot to stop for lunch.

"Hole in the Wall" Phenomenon

Directly across the valley, high up near the top of a peak of the serrated ridge is Sir George Simpson's "Hole in the Wall". It looks like a snow spot from below, but if observed closely fleeting clouds may be seen passing across it. Some years ago an Alpine Club party was sent to investigate it and report. The hole was found to be some twenty feet in height and some thirty feet in width. It completely pierced

the limestone slab and from each edge of the inside floor, east and west, one could gaze down steep precipices more than a thousand feet to the valley bottom beneath.

You have made acquaintance with Rock Isle Lake and Larix Lake and have likely stood on the top of Quartz Hill, named from a quartz vein at its summit. You have gazed across the wide open alplands to Citadel Peak and Pass. The watershed line of the Great Divide traverses Quartz Hill and winds through the alplands west of it, here of unusual extent.

Midway between Quartz Hill and Citadel Peak, so named from a distinct outstanding bastion at each corner of its square mass, is a little tarn where there is a convenient camp ground. I camped there one night and pitched my tent a short distance from my main camp. Some time during the night I was awakened by the most piteous crying of a baby. I thought I must be dreaming but, when convinced I was awake, the wails still continued. Leaping to the door of the tent and looking out in bright moonlight, I saw on a patch of open sward a fine, big porcupine with quills erect all over in a fuzzy profusion marching up and down and emitting the sounds that almost exactly resembled a baby crying. As to whether it was a challenge or a love song I would not venture an opinion.

Lakes Fed by Subterranean Flow

At the base of Citadel Pass hill — a very steep and long one — you arrive in the main Simpson River Valley. Here the river now has its apparent source from strong flowing springs close by; and this is most peculiar, for there is little doubt that at some geological period very many years ago the Simpson River originated in runoff from the north face of the Mt. Assiniboine group. It undoubtedly still does, but the seepage is beneath the surface. Lake Magog at the north base of Mt. Assiniboine has a very considerable flow of water running into it, but no visible outflow, which would seem to be subterranean.

From the base of Citadel Pass hill, following the trail southward up the valley trough, one comes to Golden Valley. It is a charming little meadow about a quarter of a mile long, watered



Stairway to the Stratosphere

C.P.R. Photo



Home on the Trail

C.P.R. Photo



Meadow in the Clouds

Photo by Carl Rungius

by springs at the upper end. I blew in here one October day with my pack-train. Feed was getting scarce, but in the meadow the long growth of well ripened yellow grass was up to the ponies' knees. Didn't they have a picnic! I named this pocket in the main depression "Golden Valley" on account of the sheen of the grass crop.

I may say that in these original exploration surveys it was part of my job to provide names for the various topographical features. A soul-racking job it was, and that is why, at the mellow age of eighty-two, my hair is white. I have camped often in this tiny meadow and twice I have seen it a sky-blue little lake, filled with water to a depth of ten feet or more. Where the water came from or where it went, when again meadow, I could not say, but would consider it positive proof of a subterranean flow forced upward.

Colourful Lakes Surround Mt. Assiniboine

Those who have visited Mt. Assiniboine will have noticed the many brilliantly coloured little lakes of varying shades of blue and green by which it is surrounded. Chief among them is Lake Gloria, seen from the crest of Wonder Pass. I named it "Lake Gloria" on account

of its transcendent colouring. It looked to me like a rich green velvet and as I knew of no colour with a name to match it, I called it "royal green". Marvel Lake, also seen from Wonder Pass is a superb ultramarine, and a detached pond at its eastern end is a bright yellow. In a small valley at the southwest extremity of the Assiniboine Group are two little tarns, named respectively "Assiniboine Lake" and "Lunette Lake"; the first is a brilliant sky-blue and the other, a half mile away, is black as ink. The variations of Nature in its creations are truly marvellous.

If you know where to look, I have no doubt that a large variety of fossils can be found in the limestone masses bordering this route to Mt. Assiniboine. My better half, who has been with you at the Camp, can say more about the zoology of the region than I can. She spent several summers at my Riding and Walking Tour Camp at Mt. Assiniboine and in her leisure hours would play with the denizens of the mountains who happened along. I fancy grizzly and brown bears, coyotes, porcupines, whistlers and pack-rats were her special pets, and I believe she knows our Dan McCowan's book on the mountain animals by heart.

With my best of good wishes to the Sky Line Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies.

Arthur O. Wheeler.



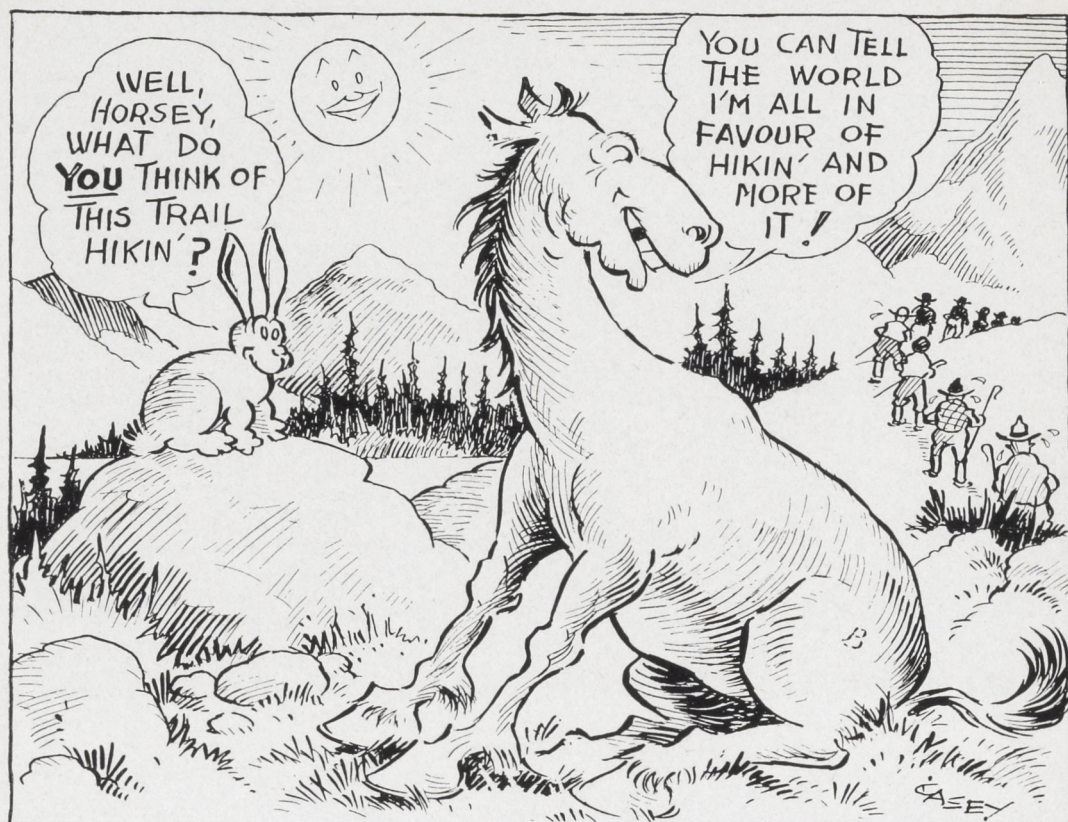
The Hills of "Sunshine"

C.P.R. Photo



Sing-song at Twilight

C.P.R. Photo



Cartoon by W. Casey

A Trail Ride Horse Watches the Hikers

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Seven Up!

C.P.R. Photo



Where the Trail Ends

C.P.R. Photo



Carl Rungius Means Business

C.P.R. Photo

I've been trying to write a story
of the camp of the Skyline Trail
but the words seem to turn to music
and seem of little avail
when you try to describe Alpine grandeur,
the silence . . . and hush . . . over all,
that fills you with awe and wonder
as its beauty unfolds like a scroll.

How can words paint the Alpland meadows
ablaze with the colour of flowers?
the purple and white of the heather,
the perfume of air after showers?
The green of the moss and the lichen,
the Lupins and Harebells of blue,
the glimpse of a goat on the skyline,
the rubies and opals in dew?

Or the soaring and circling of eagles
ever on the alert for their prey,
and the little ground squirrel, his quarry,
as he haunches . . . then scuttles away.
The shrill whistling cry of the marmot
resounding o'er valley and glen,
a warning to friends furred and feathered,
beware . . . the approach of men.

And the deep roaring thunder of water
released from a glacier bed,
or the glaciers themselves for that matter,
reservoirs from which oceans are fed.
Or the roar and the force of the windstorm
as it lashes and travels apace
then is spent . . . and the lull of its quietness,
a repentant caress on your face.

No . . . words can't describe Nature's secrets
or define shrines at which one might kneel,
its a thing that you have to experience,
a blessing that each one must feel,
and ponder . . . the works of Creation,
the wonders His fingers have wrought,
and you feel, oh so small, infinitesimal
at the bigness, you tremble in thought,
lost in meditation; the if, the why, the where,
contrite in dedication, breathing a silent prayer.

A reverence for beauteous nature, heightened by
altitude,
seeing as God envisioned, 'and behold it was
very good'.

Mary Sieburth.



Sky Line Trail Hikers

OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

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Whereas _____ has qualified for Life Membership under Section 6 of Article 6 of the By Laws which reads

Members holding qualification of 50 miles and upwards may compound their paid and future dues by payment of \$10.00 which shall absolve them from further payment of annual dues, and include a Life Membership Certificate upon the additional payment of \$1.00 but shall not exempt them from special dues or assessments should such be considered necessary.

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